THE

LADY'S

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

APRIL, 1808.

QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

MARIA FRANCES ISABELLA was born December 17, 1734, and married her uncle, Pedro Clement, born July 5, 1717, who died 1786. Their issue was John Maria Joseph, Prince of Brazils, born May 13, 1767; who married March 26, 1785, Maria Louisa of Spain. This unfortunate queen, of whose youthful charms a portrait was given in our last, has been lately obliged to seek a refuge from the persecutions of a tyrannical, and too successful enemy, in Brazil—a country planted by the Portuguese, about the year 1550; the Dutch afterwards invaded it, and took part of it from them, but were at length driven from thence, and the Portuguese retained the sole dominion. In addition to the sugar, tobacco, and other usual produce of hot climates, they have discovered diamond grounds, which renders the country an object of too great importance to afford a secure asylum. It is divided into fifteen governments, or captainaries; eight of which belong to the King of Portugal, and the rest to great men, who have peopled them at their own expence.

ALDRUDE,

COUNTESS OF BERTINORO, IN ROMAGNE.

From Mrs. Pilkington's "Memoirs of Celebrated Women."

THIS accomplished and amiable lady has been highly celebrated by Italian writers, for the loveliness of her person, the courtesy of her manners, and the superiority of understanding which she possessed. Her fortune was princely, her munificence extensive, and she was universally beloved and admired; but the circumstance which particularly handed her name down to posterity is the military ardor which glowed in her breast. Anconia, a city seated upon the Adriatic ocean, was in the year 1167 besieged; and though the inhabitants bravely repelled the attacks of their enemies, yet famine reduced them to the utmost distress. As the port was blockaded, no hopes of succour could be entertained. In this situation they determined to apply to William, son of Marcheietto Degh Adelarde, for relief; and three of their nobles contrived to elude the vigilance of their enemies, and reached Ferrara in a small ship. William generously consented to afford them the succour they demanded, and hastened into Lombardy to assemble his troops; but advised them likewise to implore the aid of the Countess de Bertinoro, who had a large body of troops at her command. Moved with compassion for the unfortunate Anconians, the amiable countess promised the assistance which they requested, and assembling her forces, united them with those of William. When they arrived near Anconia, she addressed them in the following words: —"Fortified and encouraged by the favour of heaven, I have, contrary to the custom of my sex, determined to address you in a plain exhortation; which, though it may not be flattering to your ear, may serve to rouse the vigour of your minds. I solemnly swear to you, that on the present occasion no view of interest, no dreams of ambition, have impelled me to succour the besieged. Since the death of my husband, though plunged in sorrow, I have found myself undisputed mistress of his domains. The preservation

of my extensive possessions, to which my wishes are limited, afford, for my sex and capacity, a sufficient occupation of my time: but the perils which encompass the wretched Anconians, united to the prayers and tears of the women, appeal to humanity for aid! To relieve a people consumed by famine, exhausted by resistance, and exposed to innumerable calamities, I have left my dominions, accompanied by my son, who, though a *little child*, recals to my remembrance the *great soul* of his *father*, by whom the wretched were protected, and the afflicted redressed!—And you, warriors of Lombardy and Romania, not less illustrious for your fidelity to your engagements, than renowned for valour in the field, *you*, whom the same cause has brought hither, to obey the orders and emulate the example of William Adelarde; who, listening only to his generosity and love of freedom, has not scrupled to engage his possessions, his friends, and his vassals, for the deliverance of Anconia.—A conduct so generous, so worthy of praise, requires no comment; beneath our sense of it, magnanimity and language fail!—An enterprise, so full of glory, has already nearly succeeded; already have you passed through the defiles occupied by the enemy, and pitched your tents in this hostile country. It is now time that the seed which was scattered should bring forth its fruit; it is time to make trial of your strength, and of that valour for which you are distinguished; for courage is relaxed by delay. Let the dawn of day find you under arms, that the sun may illumine the victory promised by the Most High, for your *pity* to the *unfortunate*."

This exhortation was received by the soldiery with reiterated bursts of applause; and the Venetians, alarmed at the united forces which had assembled for the relief of the Anconians, thought it most prudent to make a retreat. To what period the life of this amiable woman was extended, the biographer, who gives the preceding account, does not relate, but the date of her birth, and the exact time when she closed her existence, are uninteresting, when compared with her superior abilities and worth.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. CXV.

FOR the space of nearly ten years, no inconsiderable portion of the time that measures the space of human life, the Old Woman has monthly paid her respects to her fair readers; and under various disguises, and in different modes of address, has zealously endeavoured to promote their welfare and to inform their minds.

She is now about to take a most respectful leave of those whose favour has so long encouraged her lucubrations, and who have distinguished her Essays by an attention, not very usual, when consigned to periodical publications. There is always a period beyond which the most active cannot extend their labours, and when the most delightful pursuits either cease to please ourselves, or to give satisfaction to others. To mark this time is a proof of discretion: it is always better to withdraw from public view while we are objects of esteem and consideration, than to try to attract and to keep up notice, when our pretensions to regard are diminished, or in danger of being lost.

I flatter myself, that in the character of the Old Woman, I have many kind readers, whose bright eyes will be suffused with tears, when I thus bid them adieu; but, though I might, life and health permitting, have extended the series of my papers, I do not feel that I could have materially varied their subjects, having already embraced and discussed almost every topic that can be interesting to the younger part of the female sex. If I carry into retirement the regret of some, and the esteem of others; if good will and good wishes are mutual and reciprocal, what can I covet more but that they may continue for the remainder of my days, and that the maxims and sentiments I have so often, and so earnestly inculcated, may, in the subsequent stages of existence, be attended with some salutary effects on those for whom they were designed.

In the progress of my preceding papers, will be found many strictures on the present fashionable mode of female education, which I cannot entirely approve of; not because

it is different from the system that prevailed in my juvenile days, but because it is inimical to the bests interests of human society. On the character, education, and conduct of women, so much depends, that every attention should be paid to those important objects; and, if they are not properly instructed in their younger days, if they are not taught useful, rather than shewy accomplishments, their best interests are neglected, and the community suffers through this cause.

We find, however, that whatever may be the rank or prospect of females, they are educated nearly alike; and that music, in itself a harmless amusement, but certainly not very meritorious to excel in, except by those who are to gain a living by the exercise of their talents, is, of all other studies, the most cultivated; often to the injury of health, and without any real benefit to the person who acquires it. For no sooner is a young lady thought a proficient in music, than she attaches a high degree of credit to her attainments, to the exclusion of more valuable pursuits; yet, if she happens to marry, she finds other objects demanding her attention, to which before she paid little regard; and, if I may judge from the prevailing mode, thinks even music, which has cost so dear, beneath the dignity of a matron, and too light an object to be longer practised or pursued. A little smattering of French and Italian is, perhaps, equally useless in future life; though an intimate acquaintance with those languages would open sources of knowledge and enjoyment, which would be permanent and delightful. Dancing, likewise, when carried farther than to give a genteel carriage and graceful motions, is far from being worthy of the time and expence bestowed upon it; and, in fact, half of what is learned in boarding-shools of the first celebrity, is only acquired at one period of life, to be forgotten or despised in the next. Young ladies, indeed, are qualified to attract, rather than to gain a lasting influence, by their mental charms: they are fitted to be agreeable mistresses, rather than prudent and engaging wives. Youth and beauty, for a season, may make many defects be overlooked; but a sensible man expects to find a rational companion and an inseparable friend, in the person who links his destiny with his; and if he is disappointed in these ex-

sential qualifications, it is to be feared love will give way to disgust, and gloom and reserve cloud the face that formerly was overspread with hope and with joy.

To recapitulate, and to endeavour to impress these sentiments in my concluding address, cannot be inconsistent with the office I originally assumed, and the principles I have ever professed. They cannot recal the past, but they may probably furnish materials for thinking, and operate a partial reform at least, in the mode of female education; which, I am sorry to say, is radically wrong. I wish to see young ladies receiving a domestic education, under the superintendence of a prudent governess, and a careful mother; not crowded into schools, where more danger is frequently incurred, from the influence of one bad example, than good can be gained by the instruction received from a young lady-governess, as is often the case, assisted by French and Italian masters; who, perhaps, have as little skill as integrity. A widow, who has brought up a family well, is best calculated for having the care of young ladies; and to such alone would I commit my daughters, if I could not educate them myself. These notions may appear antiquated, but I feel them to be just; and experience convinces me they are not unworthy the regard of those who are anxious for the welfare of their children.

It has likewise been my object, in the character of the Old Woman, to tender my best advice to the female sex at a more advanced period of life; and under every circumstance in which they may be placed, as maids, wives, or mothers, I have strenuously recommended an attention to the domestic duties, as the basis of both happiness and excellence; and I have the satisfaction to reflect, that, under whatever name I have addressed my readers, or whatever disguise I have assumed, my aim has been invariably to diffuse liberal principles, and to enforce moral and religious observances.

The period of youth is short, and beauty is still more transient; this is a truth that all must feel; yet, alas! it is necessary to reiterate it in every way that is likely to win regard. Buoyed up by ardent hope, the gay and the giddy think only of enjoying the present hour, and seldom anticipate the future. But while they taste, as is allowable for

them to do, the innocent pleasures of youth, they ought not to forget, that, in the early season of life they are to provide for the days in which the visions of fancy will no longer deceive, and the retrospect of a well-spent life will be the greatest enjoyment they can feel.

Though I cannot charge myself with any gross violations of duty, in the various relative situations in which I have been placed, I candidly confess, that, on reviewing my past life, there are few important actions with which it has been interwoven, that I should not perform exactly in the same way as before, if the days that are flown, and the opportunities that are past, could be recalled. Happy are those, who can say they have nothing to repent of; happy are those, who, on summing up their accounts, and comparing them with the unerring rules of religion, from which every duty may be deduced, find their consciences clear, and that their conduct has been void of offence! Such can never be ashamed, however unfashionable their manners, or their sentiments; however contrary to the practice of the world, may be their conduct and pursuits. This reflection should ever be present to the mind, "that in order to render the future periods of existence capable of yielding us enjoyment, the present moments should be spent in the exercise of virtue, charity, and benevolence."

LITERARY BANQUET.

NO. II.

Extract from "A Tracte, containing the Artes of curious Painting, Carvinge, and Buildinge, written first in Italian, by J. P. Lomatius, Painter, of Milan; and Englished by Richard Haycocke, Student in Physic, 1698.

TO MY FAIRE COUNTRRIEWOMEN.

HAVING intreated of so many and divers thinges, I could not but say something of such matters as *woemen* use ordinarilly in beautyfying and embellishing their faces: A thing well worth the knowledge, inasmuch as many woemen are so possessed with a desire of helping their com-

plections by some artificial meanes, that they will by no meanes be dissuaded from the same. He then enumerates ceruse, plume, alume, juice of lemons, oil of Tartarie, camphire, and *sundrie* other cosmetics of the day, all which he takes many pages to prove, are *enemies to health*, and *hurtful to the complexion*. And thus adviseth: "Wherefore, if there bee no remedy, but women will be meddling with this art of *pollishing*, let them, instead of those mineral stuffes, use the remedies following.

"Of such helpes to beauty, as may be used without danger.—There is nothing in the world which doth more beautifie and adorne a woman than chearfulness, contentment, and good-temper. For it is not the red and white which giveth the gracious perfection of beauty, but certaine sparkling notes and touches of amiable chearfulness, accompanying the same. The truth whereof may appear in a discontented woman, otherwise exceeding faire, who at the instant will seem yll favored and unloovely; as contrariwise, an hard-favored and browne woman, being merry, pleasaunte, and jocund, will seem sufficiently beautiful."

EXTRACT FROM THE HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION.

ALONG with the Jews who were to be burned at an Auto de fe, there was a girl, not seventeen years of age, who, standing on that side where the queen sat, petitioned for mercy. She was wonderfully pretty, and looking at the queen, while her eyes streamed with tears, in a most pathetic tone of voice exclaimed—"Will not the presence of my sovereign make an alteration in my fate? consider how short a period I have lived—and that I suffer for an adherence to a religion which I imbibed with my mother's milk! Mercy! mercy! mercy!" The queen turned away her eyes—was evidently moved by compassion—but *durst not* ask the holy fathers for even a respite.

What unlimited power! A *queen* dares not intercede for the pardon of a young girl, guilty of no other crime than adhering to the faith of her ancestors.

THE BROTHERS.

A TALE.

Translated from the French of M. Imbert, by E. F.

THE Chevalier Blimont was born to an ample inheritance, and possessed so many personal attractions, that his attentions to the fair sex were seldom returned with scorn. Among the numerous victims of his early gallantry, or thoughtless levity, was the unfortunate Leonora, who became a mother but to mourn her own disgrace, and bewail the ungenerous desertion of him to whom she had sacrificed her honour and peace of mind. Blimont, willing to varnish over his own baseness, believed, or affected to believe, a fabricated story of her infidelity; and running blindfold into the snare spread by his designing and ambitious relations, he became the husband of a rich heiress, who had little besides her wealth to recommend her. Blimont, caressed by his family, flattered by his friends, and revelling in luxury, too soon forgot the claims of the wretched Leonora, who, to conceal her shame and misery, quitted the scene of her ruin, and sought an asylum far distant from the ungrateful Blimont. About the same period of time at which Leonora gave birth to a lovely infant, Blimont's lady also presented him with a son, to whose future aggrandisement the aspiring father looked up with the proudest hopes. The young D'Eperny, indeed, soon grew up as amiable as the fondest parents could wish, but an unexpected occurrence for a while frustrated his father's wishes, and separated him from this darling child.

Blimont had an uncle, very rich, but of a most eccentric character—his benevolent heart and easy disposition had, in early life, made him the dupe of several designing characters, of both sexes—enraged to find himself imposed on, and deeply wounded by the ingratitude of those on whom he had too hastily fixed his affections, he determined to abjure the world, and all its follies; and retired to a solitary estate, many miles from Paris, where he became a misanthrope, to outward appearance, though, in reality, his

heart beat as warmly to all the social affections as ever. Tired and disgusted with a state of seclusion, for which nature had not in any respect adapted his disposition, yet ashamed to appear inconsistent, he sent a letter of entreaty to Blimont, requesting him to entrust him with the charge of his youthful nephew. Blimont, however averse to the measure, had his son's future establishment in life too much at heart to venture a refusal; and concluding, from the age of Minville, that the separation could not be of long duration, he got the better of those scruples which paternal affection suggested, and sent D'Eperny, then just a twelvemonth old, to the misanthropic Minville, who, delighted with the blandishments of the infant prattler, forgot all his former sorrows and disappointments, and seemed to commence a new existence.

It happened, by one of those chances for which no mortal can account, that the spot to which the unhappy Leonora had retreated, with her infant son, was in the neighbourhood of Minville's estate; and, by a chance more extraordinary, the two boys formed an intimacy, which gradually ripened into the warmest friendship. Minville, perceiving their growing attachment, solicited the mother of the engaging little Maurice to let him pass the greatest part of his time at the Chateau de Minville, where their studies and pleasures were shared together with equal advantage and delight. D'Eperny was at that time in his fourteenth year, and though about two months younger than Maurice, no difference could be perceived between them—his manners and conversation announced an understanding beyond his years, and all his actions evinced the most exquisite sensibility; he shewed, on every occasion, the tenderest attention to Maurice, and was anxious to anticipate all his wants; in fact, it seemed as if nature had inspired him with the consciousness that he was the sole possessor of a fortune which Maurice had a natural right to partake with him, and that he was but seeking to repair the injustice of which his father had been guilty. It is true, Maurice was in every respect worthy of his friendship, and repaid his kindnesses with tenderness equally grateful and disinterested.

Meanwhile, Minville, won by the engaging manners and respectful attentions of Maurice, began to be warmly inte-

rested in his favour, and interrogated Leonora so closely on her real situation and affairs, that she candidly revealed to him her melancholy story. Minville bewailed her irreparable misfortune, and Maurice was more endeared to him than ever; nor was the secret confined to themselves; partly by imprudence, and partly in voluntary confidence, the two brothers were informed of their history. The modest Maurice felt disconcerted by the disclosure, and the sensible D'Eperny seemed proud of such a brother—he could not love him more, but he found that the discovery made him happier. Minville knew not which of the brothers was most worthy of his regard, and he solemnly declared to Leonora that he would divide his fortune between them. Thus a twelvemonth passed away in mutual love and confidence.—Blimont, fully engaged in the pursuit of town-pleasures, broke not upon their homely joys, and suffered his son to attain his sixteenth year without once requiring to see him, contenting himself with D'Eperny's frequent letters, in which he was assured that this darling son was well and happy.

One day D'Eperny conceived a project, the most singular and interesting that could enter a youthful mind—it was no less important a design, than that of recompencing Maurice for the injustice of his fate, and the rigour of the law, which deprived him of advantages so many, less worthy, are allowed to possess. Alone he conceived the project, and alone he was determined to execute it; all the aid he required, was liberty to return to his paternal home—for this purpose he hastened to Minville.—"My benefactor," said he, for thus he always addressed him, "you must this day give me a fresh proof of your goodness, and confer a most serious benefit on your adopted child."—"What is it you would ask, my son?" enquired the good old man, embracing him.—"Ah! sir," cried D'Eperny, grasping his hand, with a supplicating gesture, "Maurice, my dear Maurice, has found a brother—but he has still no father, while I have the happiness to possess two—is that fair, my benefactor? Am I more worthy of such blessings than the virtuous Maurice?" Minville was for some moments mute with astonishment; at length he embraced D'Eperny, with tears of sensibility streaming from his aged eyes; and in

that instant human nature was once more in favour with Minville.

D'Eperny then imparted to his guardian the whole of his plan—a plan, not formed in a moment of childish enthusiasm, but one on which his mind had long dwelt with secret anxiety; the result of serious reflection, and the most virtuous principles. Minville heard him with delight and wonder, and, won over by his tears and caresses, promised not only to assist in the execution of his extraordinary project, but also to preserve the most inviolable secrecy, let what might be the result. D'Eperny exulted in the prospect of his success; but the chief difficulty yet remained, which was, to secure the consent of the noble minded and disinterested Maurice. This it was no easy matter to effect; he started at the very proposal, and positively refused to assist in, or even sanction such an undertaking. "Well, then, my brother," cried D'Eperny, throwing his arms round the afflicted Maurice, "since you refuse me the satisfaction of doing the only praise-worthy action of my life, I will never more ask another favour from you. I will quit this place for ever, and become a wanderer on the face of the earth. Never shall it be said that D'Eperny selfishly contented himself with rank and fortune, to the exclusion of a much wronged, and far more amiable brother. No, no, Maurice; turn not from me thus—consider this our last embrace—for here, I solemnly swear, to-morrow's sun shall rise upon me in a far distant spot, if you persist in refusing the dearest wish of my heart.—Farewell, home! farewell, father! farewell, Minville! all, all, I forsake—my resolution is taken." Terrified by the wildness of his manner, and the gloom of his countenance, Maurice clasped his brother in his arms, and promised all he required. D'Eperny gave him no time to retract; every thing was in readiness; they took a hasty leave of Minville and Leonora, and then hastened to the residence of Blimont.

When they arrived at the chateau, D'Eperny led his brother into the presence of Blimont. Their features, figure, and air, were so exactly alike, that a spectator must have announced them to be twins. Actuated by the same impulse, they both bent a knee before their father, who gazed on

them with looks of surprise and indecision. At length D'Eperny, the most courageous, thus addressed him—"Monsieur Blimont, we kneel to you for justice; the same interest, and the same claim to your affection, has brought us hither. Friendship, and a sacred oath, registered in heaven, renders our fate inseparable—we are both your sons!—regard us well, my father, and, if possible, distinguish the favoured D'Eperny from the abandoned Maurice—the child dear to your heart and acknowledged to the world, from him deserted in infancy—neglected and remembered but with shame and remorse.—It is impossible; we read uncertainty in your countenance—promise, on this spot, to receive us both to your heart, to make us equal sharers of your affection; or this moment you lose for ever a son, on whom your fondest hopes have so long rested with paternal solicitude."

Who can picture the astonishment of Blimont at this address? His eyes wandered from one youth to another; yet it was not in his power to discover the object he sought, so exactly did the brothers resemble each other, and so successfully did they conceal the emotions which they each experienced. Blimont, wearied with conjecture, determined to write to Minville; but, faithful to the promise he had made, the good old man refused to satisfy his enquiries; returning for answer, that they were equally amiable, and that as nature had made no distinction between them, either in person or merit, prejudice should not be suffered to bias his affection.

Baffled by this reply, the anxious father trusted to time and chance for the disclosure of this impenetrable secret, and treated the youths with such tender indulgence, as won their hearts, and caused them to be equally emulous of securing his paternal regard; and Blimont at length declared, that his fortune should be equally divided between them.

Maurice, though thus adopted and loved by his parent, suffered a secret unhappiness to prey upon his spirits; he could not forget that a mother, dear to his heart, lived in sorrow, while he was loaded with benefits and caresses. The generous hearted D'Eperny partook of his friend's affliction, yet possessed not the power to alleviate it; from

early habits of intimacy, the mother of Maurice was more dear to him than his own; yet, while his breast glowed with indignation for the wrongs of the former, his strict sense of honour taught him to respect the rights of the latter. At this critical period it was, that a new turn was given to their prospects, by the death of Madame Blimont, an event as melancholy as unexpected. Blimont, who felt for her sincere esteem, mourned her loss with deep regret; and D'Eperny, though so long estranged from her tender cares, mingled his tears with those of his father; till a new and enthusiastic impulse roused his soul to fresh energies.

One morning, after having previously engaged Maurice to comply with his wish, he led him by the hand to the library, where Blimont was seated, absorbed in silent sorrow. He raised his eyes at their entrance, and cast on them a look of mingled love and anguish: they seized each of them a hand—"Father," said they, "why do you grieve?"—"Can you ask that question, my children?" replied Blimont, "Have I not lost a faithful wife—you a tender mother."—"The loss is not irreparable, my father," said D'Eperny. Blimont started, a look of anger darted from his eyes, his lips moved, and every feature seemed to say, "You insult me!" In an instant both his sons were at his feet; "Forgive me, father," cried D'Eperny; "rather than offend you, I will remain for ever wretched."—"Wretched, my son, what mean you?"—"Have you then forgot Leonora?" cried Maurice, in an impressive tone, which penetrated the heart of Blimont, subdued already by regret and tenderness. "Yes, father," cried D'Eperny, catching the fortunate moment, "we have yet a mother; one who has watched with fond solicitude our early years—one who is esteemed by the worthy Minville—one whom you once loved, and who would know no happiness greater than that of being restored to your affection." At these words Blimont covered his face with his hands, and tearing himself from the arms of his children, paced the room with hurried steps. "Boys," said he, with faltering accents, "you know not what you ask—but hear me, children. What you consider on my part an act of cruelty, was but the just punishment of deceit and infidelity—had Leonora been true to me, the world should not have separated us—but no

more of this; be satisfied with my regard, nor probe my heart with recollections which are now most unseasonable." —"Not so unseasonable as you may imagine," replied D'Eperny, with honest warmth, and drawing from his pocket the papers which contained a complete justification of Leonora's conduct. Blimont read them with evident agitation, and as he perused the contents, all his doubts were dispersed; he felt the extent of his fault, and falling into the arms of his children, embraced them with rapture. —"Oh, my sons," he exclaimed, "you have convinced me, send for your mother; I am ready to atone for my past injustice and neglect: let her come, if she can forgive me—my heart is open to receive her."

Leonora soon obeyed the summons, attended by the overjoyed Minville, who, on the present happy occasion, forgot his misanthropic whim, and became once more a citizen of the world. The union of Leonora with Blimont was celebrated with joy and magnificence; and, on the wedding-day, Maurice received his father's blessing; while the tender and noble hearted D'Eperny felt the conscious delight of having contributed, by his own disinterestedness and generosity, to the happiness of all around him.

FALSE APPEARANCES.

From Corry's "Sketch of Modern Manners."

A DESIRE to appear opulent, or in easy circumstances, pervades society; poverty being considered as the greatest of evils in this commercial city. Numbers, whose subsistence depends upon credit, launch into expences which must terminate in their ruin, rather than attend to a system of economy, which would have rendered them comfortable through life. How preposterous is their vain emulation, to equal their more opulent neighbours in dress, furniture, and amusements! This passion for *notoriety* is so great, that even the lowest classes assume consequential airs from the accidental circumstance of their residing in a genteel neighbourhood; and many coxcombs, who would readily encumber themselves with an umbrella, or any thing con-

nected with the idea of gentility, would go without their breakfast, rather than be seen carrying a loaf for their own use from the baker's shop!

* * * *

DRESS.

Female habiliments have long been remarkable for the delicacy of their texture; but it does not appear that economy is consulted with respect to price, for the robe, or even the veil, of a fashionable lady, is more costly than a whole suit of the plain kind. It must be an universal passion, which causes our lovely women to risk their health and reputation, by appearing in the public streets and theatres in a garb similar to that worn by demirips or actresses.—Though it has been the rage, of late, for actresses to become women of fashion, we see no necessity for our women of fashion to become actresses.

During the late rigorous weather, however, several philosophic ladies shielded their delicate forms in the Turkish pelisse. Should they improve on this idea, and adopt the *mahramat*, or thick veil worn in Turkey, their beauties would be completely eclipsed; but their passion for admiration will prevent this transition.

The sudden change from such warm habits to their light and almost transparent drapery, is no proof that propriety and fashion go hand in hand. Some advocate for modish variety may exclaim, "This cynic is equally displeased with a thin or warm dress; and satirises the fashions, rather from a desire to vent his spleen, than to correct impropriety." The female habit, however, ought neither to be so light as to give the wearer the appearance of a paper kite, subject to be carried away by every gust; nor so warm as to remind us of the climate of Russia or Lapland.

Simplicity of dress, is, like modesty of manners, the handmaid of grace. Gorgeous ornaments distract the imagination of the observer; and the wearer, like the silkworm, is hid amid her own magnificence. But a decent garb, adjusted to the elegant contour of the female form, concealing those beauties that would obtrusively force themselves upon our observation, and harmonizing with a virtuous mind; this is the dress that we should recommend to

the fair sex: and which, combined with a modest demeanour, is more attractive than the cestus of Venus! can render even beauty more amiable, impress the idea of angelic perfection and innocence on the mind of the beholder, and compel us to adore virtue thus personified in woman!

THE RECLUSES OF SNOWDEN.

A TALE.

[Concluded from page 123.]

ANOTHER week had elapsed without any further intelligence from Melville, and Louisa had just retired to rest, when old Jowler's voice attracted her attention; and eagerly opening the casement, she perceived a carriage approach the gate.

"Is it my father?" she eagerly demanded of Kirby, who had likewise been roused by the unusual sound of the faithful dog's bark. "It is your father, my beloved girl!" exclaimed Melville, "yet I hope, and trust, you are not alarmed."

"Alarmed! I am delighted!" replied the ingenuous Louisa, closing the casement, and flying down stairs, and at the same moment finding herself pressed to her attached parent's heart. "How is my guest?" enquired Melville, in an uninterested tone of voice. "He has left us; and is gone to Mr. Owen's," replied Louisa, endeavouring to assume the same indifferent tone.

"My heart beats light at this intelligence!" exclaimed Melville, again embracing the object of his regard, "but, my sweet girl," continued he, in the softest accents, "you neither look, or speak, as if you had enjoyed health. Retire to your chamber; I do not require refreshment; indeed, from the hour of my existence I never felt more completely well." Louisa in vain urged him to allow Martha to display her acknowledged skill in a little mulled wine; but finding him obstinately refuse every kind of refreshment, after again embracing him, she retired to her room.

On his dressing-table she had placed the important letter, which was to decide her future destiny and peace; and

kingdoms would she have given, had they been at her disposal, to have witnessed her father's emotions whilst it was perused. Sleep, it might be said, was a stranger to Louisa's eye-lids, and she arose with the dawn; but her father met her in the garden, with an unusual degree of cheerfulness, and a kind of *gaite de cœur*.. The morning was peculiarly fine, the lake was unruffled. Melville proposed taking a sail, and dining at the hut of a fisherman, who resided on the borders of the lake. As Louisa was particularly fond of the water, her expressive countenance displayed pleasure at the proposal; but, whilst they were arranging the plan, they were joined by a Mr. Morgan, a clergyman, who lived within three miles of the place.—"Will you allow two young ladies, who are on a visit at the parsonage, to accompany you?" said Mr. Morgan.—"It will render our excursion the more agreeable," Melville replied. The boat was accordingly prepared; a hamper, filled with wines and provisions, put on board, and to the parsonage-house they alternately rowed and sailed.

Mr. Morgan's visitors proved intelligent companions to Louisa; and, from the period of her retirement, she acknowledged she had never spent so happy a day: but, as the evening approached, the gathering clouds prognosticated a violent impending storm.

In vain did the terrified Louisa urge her father's immediate departure; for, though usually sparing of the bottle, he had drank much more than his accustomed share, and, in spite of his daughter's intreaties, he insisted upon Mr. Morgan's assisting him to dispatch another; declaring, that until it was emptied he would not enter the boat. The wind continued to rise higher—the smooth waters of the lake became ruffled—and, what added to Louisa's and her companions' apprehensions, the watermen expressed their fears. At length, however, they were seated in the boat, and the intoxicated Melville stretched himself at the bottom of it, actually in an insensible state. The watermen had not only been sharers of their employers' good living, but, unfortunately, had been too liberally supplied with drink; and the terrified Louisa soon observed to her companions, that they appeared incapable of guiding the boat.

Mr. Morgan, providentially, had taken a less portion of

wine than Melville; and perceiving terror and apprehension marked upon Louisa's expressive face, he proposed steering the little vessel, which, from the violence of the wind, required a more judicious guide. The lightning flashed, whilst loud peals of thunder seemed actually to burst over their heads, and the rain descended in such rapid torrents, that every article of their apparel was drenched.

Theodocius had accidentally heard of Melville's unexpected arrival the preceding night; and, impatient to know his destiny, determined in the evening to ride to the mount. The course he was compelled to take was on the margin of the lake, on which Louisa and her friends had been passing the day, and espying the boat, and perceiving how ill it was conducted, humanity induced him to watch the progress it made. Neither the lightning's lucid glare, nor the thunder's awful reverberation, could induce him to lose sight of the boat; for, as it drew nearer, he perceived a party of females in it, and he was too well aware of the danger to which they were exposed.

The wind soon formed into a perfecty eddy—Theodocius, in the loudest accents, implored the pilot to make for land—but poor Morgan, perceiving the danger, became so completely enervated, that he was under the necessity of quitting the helm, and, in relinquishing it to the waterman, fell against the side, and overset the boat. Theodocius dashed into the stream, unmindful of his debilitated situation, and, swimming to the spot, brought a senseless female to the shore; some goat herds, who were near him, followed his example, and, by the interposition of a protecting providence, all the company were preserved. But, judge of the extatic sensations which must have expanded his bosom when, upon untying a large bonnet, which had concealed the fair one's face, he discovered the features of his adored Louisa; and, in a few moments, had the still greater happiness of seeing her open her eyes.

"Oh, my father! in mercy save him!" she exclaimed, in a supplicating tone of voice, without recognizing the person of her lover in her deliverer, who, tenderly taking her hand, assured her she was safe. The soft tones of his voice instantly recalled her recollection, and, gratitude for her miraculous preservation, threw her so totally off her

guard, that, in expressing her fears lest he should suffer from the humanity of his disposition, she unintentionally disclosed the secret emotions of her heart.

A transport of delight thrilled through the breast of Theodocius, yet, fearful of expressing his sensations, he merely raised her hand to his lips, declaring, that the extacy of the present moment would compensate for years of pain. The rest of the party at this instant joined them; the affectionate Louisa flew into her father's extended arms, who, in the joy of seeing his child safe, forgot all prejudice, and expressed his acknowledgments in the warmest terms. As they were not more than a quarter of a mile from Melville's residence, common civility suggested the necessity of inviting Theodocius to pass the night under his roof; the proposal, of course, was eagerly accepted; and warm beds immediately prepared. Both Louisa and Theodocius enjoyed refreshing slumbers—but sleep was a stranger to Melville's eyes; for though, in the first transport of parental affection, he had felt grateful to Theodocius, he was inwardly miserable at the thought of his having preserved Louisa's life. He had perused the letter which contained an avowal of his attachment, and had rejected the proposal in the most decided terms; in short, he had declared, that rather than see his child united to the son of his most inveterate enemy, he would act the part of a second Virginius, and plunge a dagger in her breast.

But, to send a letter of this description to the man who had hazarded his own existence to preserve that of his daughter's, was impossible; it was, therefore, shivered into atoms, and a less virulent one composed, yet no less firm and decided in his resolution, of never receiving the amiable Theodocius as his son. Having relieved the inquietude of his feelings by penning this epistle, Melville at length enjoyed a transitory sleep; but, upon awakening out of it, he was seized with such an universal trembling, that he could not keep a joint in his body still. Martha received a hasty summons, and recommended a glass of brandy, which the incautious Melville instantly swallowed, and soon afterwards found himself parched up with a burning heat.

Louisa, who had slept beyond her accustomed time, no sooner heard the account of her father's indisposition, than,

with filial fondness, she flew into his room—but how shall I describe the state of her feelings, at perceiving the alarming situation to which he was reduced. Martha had, fortunately, dispatched her husband for Mr. Owen, who arrived within a quarter of an hour; but, instead of dispelling Louisa's fears, he augmented them, by requesting a physician might immediately be sent for.

Theodocius not only sympathized in the distress which the object of his affection endured, but displayed as much tenderness towards the suffering Melville as if he had been his son; and, during the three succeeding days, never for one moment quitted the bedside. A delirium, of the most outrageous kind, attended the fever; and, during the violence of the paroxsym, the feelings of Theodocius were deeply affected, by hearing his father reprobated as the greatest villain upon earth: "and can I bestow the only treasure I possess upon the son of my greatest enemy?" the exhausted Melville would repeatedly enquire.

At the end of three days, however, reason resumed her empire; and the delighted Louisa began to indulge hope, but, alas! it was only to make disappointment appear in a more dreadful form. Doctor Brady, a physician at Carnarvon, whose skill was allowed to be unrivalled, in vain exerted it in poor Melville's behalf; and, upon finding that the disease baffled the power of medicine, in the most delicate manner he acquainted his patient with his dangerous state. "I thank you for your care; but I doubly thank you for your candour," said the languid Melville, feebly pressing his hand; "my warning has been short—but, thank heaven, no crimes oppress my conscience; and I should readily resign existence, was I not attracted to this world by affection for my child."

The sympathizing physician informed him, that on her account he need not be disquieted. "She will find a tender protector," said he, "in Mr. Darnley's universally respected son; I have known him from a child; he was educated by the best of women; and, if I may venture to make such an assertion, I do not believe he has a single fault."

The faithful Kirby was hastily summoned into his master's presence, who eagerly demanded whether a letter, which he had written previous to his illness, had been de-

livered to Theodocius; and, upon being answered in the affirmative, Melville emphatically exclaimed, "He is indeed an exalted young man; for that letter was couched in terms, that would have made a mind less liberal, treat me with the most marked contempt; instead of which, he has watched over me with filial affection, and he shall receive his reward." He then intreated Doctor Brady candidly to inform him how long he thought it probable he should live; and, upon receiving the answer, he requested Mr. Morgan might be immediately sent for. The worthy pastor had daily called, and at the moment happened to be in the house; he was ushered up stairs, and, after devoutly praying by the expiring sufferer, administered that holy sacrament which commemorates our Saviour's death.

"There is another religious rite, my dear friend, which I wish to have performed," said Melville, "and then I shall close my eyes in peace. Knowing the slander of the world, and the animadversions my Louisa would be exposed to, I am desirous of securing at once both her happiness and her fame; and, therefore, I beg the marriage ceremony may take place without delay."

Though Mr. Morgan had perceived the mutual attachment which subsisted between Louisa and Theodocius, yet, as he understood it did not meet with the approbation of his friend, he concluded his intellects were again disordered, and hesitated a few moments before he replied.

"You perceive the ceremony would be ill-timed, I perceive," said Melville, "but, my good friend, are we not told, that if we expect forgiveness, we must likewise forgive. And should I not be guilty of a most unpardonable transgression, if I visited the sins of the father upon the son? That such was my intention, I allow; but a death-bed has taught me the culpability of it; and Doctor Brady has given me the most exalted character of this young man. I therefore intreat, nay, implore you, not to raise any obstacles, but instantly to procure them a licence; that I may bless them before I expire."

There was too much sense in this mode of reasoning, for Mr. Morgan any longer to entertain an opinion of his intellects being deranged; and he immediately promised to fetch a licence, and perform the ceremony without delay.

Upon the departure of the worthy man, Louisa and Theodocius received a summons into the sick chamber, and, upon their entrance, the dying Melville requested the nurse to retire. "Draw near, my beloved children," said he, raising himself upon his pillow, and extending towards each a burning hand, "may the Almighty shower down blessings upon you! May you justly appreciate the treasure I commit to your charge," continued he, joining their hands together, and bursting into a flood of tears.

"May heaven pour down curses, instead of blessings, upon me, if this beloved treasure is not dearer to me than the current which warms this honest heart!" exclaimed Theodocius, involuntarily dropping upon his knees.—Louisa, silent and trembling, heard her father's blessing, and her enraptured lover's emphatic reply. "Does my angel approve of my disposal of her?" faintly demanded Melville, wiping away the tears, which trembled in his already dim eyes. "This surely is not a moment for any thought to occupy my bosom, but that which concerns the preservation of your dear life," replied the agitated Louisa, tenderly embracing her father's pallid cheek.

"Time is precious, my own girl," rejoined the equally agitated Melville, "and my situation demands a sacrifice of that delicacy, which, in different circumstances, I should admire; but, tell me, my beloved, are you willing to receive Darnley as your husband?—Do you, or do you not, prefer him to any other man?"

"My husband!" exclaimed Louisa, in a tone of astonishment.—"Oh, my dear father, what a question do you ask? I —— I think, if I know my own heart, I could be happy to be the sister of Theodocius—for I esteem him more than any other man."

"Your esteem is returned with perfect adoration, my beloved Louisa!" rejoined Theodocius.—"Then you will not refuse my last, my dying request," said Melville, drawing her towards his pillow, and, in broken accents, expressing his wish. Though Theodocius repressed the exstacy of his feelings, yet, when he heard Melville declare his wish of seeing them immediately united, his expressive countenance displayed the transports which he felt; and taking her un-

reluctant hand, he pressed it to his bosom, calling upon heaven to bear testimony to the purity of his regard.

Mr. Morgan at that moment entered, and produced the licence; but a new difficulty arose, as a ring had not been thought of; yet this was easily surmounted, by honest Martha offering her's. Even before the commencement of the binding ceremony poor Melville appeared materially worse, and, during its performance, his breath became alarmingly short, and when Mr. Morgan came to that part of it which pronounced them man and wife, he exclaimed, emphatically, "Lord, let now thy servant depart in peace!" then adding, "May the Almighty bless you!" he sunk upon his pillow and expired.

Over the scene which followed we must now draw a curtain—Louisa's sorrow was heartfelt and unfeigned—but time, united to the tender assiduities of her husband, at length reconciled her to her loss.

ON GAMING.

I HAVE often thought that I could better understand how a man of honour could reconcile himself to the murderous trade of war, than to the system of the gaming-table; in war he fights with a stranger, a man with whom he has no habits of kindness, and who is fairly apprised that he comes against him with murderous intent; but in play he robs, perhaps, his brother, his friend, the partner of his bosom, or, in every event, a man seduced into the snare, with all the arts of courtesy, and whom he smiles upon while deluding him to his ruin. No time can wipe away the remembrance of the bitter anguish that I have endured in consequence of gaming. It is torture—it is madness. Poverty, I have drained thy cup to the dregs! I have seen my wife and my children looking to me in vain for bread! When I looked upon them what were my feelings? Hell has no misery by which it can be thrown into shade or exceeded.

GODWIN.

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A STAGE-COACH.

(Continued from page 81).

MY proposal of endeavouring to strengthen Mrs. Montgomery's interest having been accepted, I enquired in what part of the metropolis she intended taking up her abode.—"Why, I intends taking madam to a relation of mine, that lives in Whitechapel," replied the honest farmer, "and has one of the nicest first floors to let your honour ever set eyes upon."

"I do not doubt, my good Sir," said I, "the comfort and convenience of your relation's apartments; but you surely have forgotten the immense distance between Whitechapel and the spot where Mrs. Montgomery's business will necessarily demand her frequent attendance, and, being a stranger in London, she would be compelled to spend a little fortune in coach hire." The idea of this expence had neither struck Mrs. Montgomery or her friendly counsellor, and each immediately requested me to point out in what part of the town I would advise her to lodge. It instantly struck me, that an old servant of my respected aunt's had recently taken a lodging-house in Salisbury Street, and knowing that any person I recommended would be treated with the greatest attention, I unhesitatingly advised Mrs. M. to drive to her house, offering to accompany her thither, before I went to Fladong's. The worthy woman testified so much joy and respect at seeing me, that the honest farmer began apologizing for the want of deference he had displayed; but Mrs. Cobham set his heart at rest, by an assurance that I was totally free from pride, and though bred and born a gentleman, would even converse with my aunt's servants the same as if I had been their equals.

Having seen my stage companions accommodated to their wishes, I took leave of them for the night, promising to wait upon the first lord of the admiralty on the following morning, for the purpose of representing the unfortunate Mrs. Montgomery's situation. I had prepared myself for

the representation of the case, by taking possession of the feeling carpenter's letter, which described the cruel treatment that brave officer had met with from the Corsican tyrant.

The man who proudly boasts of favours conferred, or the exertions he has made, in the cause of humanity, is undeserving that secret reward which his own feelings impart; yet, without arrogating to myself peculiar merit, I must inform my readers, that through indefatigable exertion, Mrs. Montgomery's petition was granted, and, at the expiration of a fortnight, I had the supreme felicity of seeing her name inserted in the pensioner's list. During that fortnight I had received two letters from my Louisa's father, in reply to those I had written, giving him an account of the manner in which I occupied my time.

Though exerting myself in the cause of humanity, yet I was not neglectful of self-interest, and gave a clear and concise statement of the will of my deceased aunt to one of the first lawyers in the metropolis. This gentleman assured me, that my only dependance rested upon the power of gold; "the housekeeper," said he, "has evidently been bribed by your relation, and all you have to do is, to offer her a more weighty purse." Repugnant as this mode of conduct was to my feelings, I could not help allowing the plan was judicious; and accordingly arranged my plans for quitting London on the following morning; but, having some business to transact in the city, I threw myself into a hackney coach, and desired to be driven to the Exchange. Deeply occupied in my own reflections, I paid no attention to what was passing in the streets, until the carriage was stopped by the paviors repairing the coach-way, exactly opposite Fleet Market. Looking out of the carriage, to observe what had arrested the driver's progress, I observed a crowd of persons collected in the centre of the market, around a young woman, who appeared to have fallen in a fit; from an impulse of compassion, I sprang out of the vehicle, and, in the person of the senseless stranger, discovered my unfortunate stage companion, Mrs. Lushington. I quickly dispersed the surrounding mob, and, in a tone of authority, gave directions to have her carried into a neighbouring tavern. By the aid of volatiles and water she was

restored to recollection, and, opening her languid eyes, faintly articulated, "Where am I?—Gracious powers! how came I in this room?"

"You are safe, and under the protection of a friend, my dear Mrs. Lushington," said I, tenderly, yet, at the same time, respectfully taking her hand.—"A friend!" she repeated, in such a tone of doubt and astonishment, that at this moment it seems to revibrate upon my ears.—"Yes, a friend—a disinterested friend," I repeated, in an emphatic voice; "but where do you reside?—I have a coach in waiting, and will accompany you to any part of the town."

To this proposal no reply was returned for some moments; but, by an expressive glance, I understood she wished the females I had collected round her, to quit the apartment, when, with an eloquence inspired by the acuteness of her feelings, she informed me, that her unfortunate husband was confined in the Fleet, by the unfeeling Wilkinson, who, like Shylock in the play, demanded the complete fulfilment of the bond. For, as by the will of his deceased uncle, all personal property descended to him, Mr. Garrow informed them that the law gave him the power to arrest; and though Dr. B—— generously offered to be security for Lushington's paying it off by instalments, he insisted upon having the whole sum down. The poor man's stock in trade, and household furniture, were all put up by auction at so short a notice, that the sale was materially injured; and though, had this unprincipled man given a timely intimation of his intention, there is no doubt but the goods would more than have discharged the debt; yet, from so few persons knowing of the auction, they only sold for two hundred and fifty pounds; when, even by the purchasers of them, they were acknowledged to have been worth double that sum.

By the oppressive cruelty of the sordid-minded Wilkinson, were all the hopes of this industrious man blasted! and the only perspective which lay before him was overshadowed with gloom; for no prospect had he of ever being released from the dreary horrors of a prison.

Having silently listened to Mrs. Lushington's description of her husband's sufferings, I eagerly demanded whether the sale of his property had been publicly notified, either

by hand-bills or advertisements, and was answered in the negative; "for, Sir," said she, "so desirous was our persecutor of completing our ruin, that he even avoided having our auction on the market-day."

"There is a legal form to be observed upon these occasions, my dear Mrs. Lushington," said I, "and Mr. Wilkinson not having attended to it, is highly in your favour; I intended to have quitted London early to-morrow morning, but I will first represent the circumstance to my solicitor, and if, by remaining a day or two longer, I can prove serviceable to your worthy husband, I will with pleasure defer my journey."

The warmest expressions of gratitude burst from the lips of Mrs. Lushington, whom I offered to attend to her husband's dreary abode; and, as we were only a short distance from it, I quitted her for a few minutes, and discharged my coach. During our short walk, I requested her to inform me what had occasioned the fainting fit; when, after some little hesitation, she informed me that it had been produced by terror and apprehension.—"To support the wants of my beloved Henry, Sir," said she, "whose health has been materially injured by distress of mind, I have obtained work from a child-bed linen warehouse, which I carry home once a week. The first time I went there, a gentleman was in close conversation with the mistress of it, and, upon my requesting permission to speak with her, he retired into an inner room, and remained there until I had completed my business. When I waited upon this lady, I carried a letter from the keeper of the prison's wife, who kindly mentioned me in terms of approbation, and was the means of obtaining me sufficient employ. Delighted at the prospect of being able to procure the necessaries of life for my beloved husband, through the exertion of my own hands, I had nearly reached the gate of the prison, when I was overtaken by the gentleman I had seen in the shop. I will not, Sir, attempt to repeat all the fine, or rather wicked, things he said to me; which shocked, rather than gratified, my feelings; but I must tell you, that he offered two hundred a year to me, if I would quit my Henry, and take up my residence with him.

"I treated the proposal, Sir, as the greatest insult; and

rang with violence at the gate of the prison, which I entered with more pleasure than if it had been a palace; for there I knew I was safe from the artifices of this wicked and abandoned gentleman. Not to trespass, Sir, upon your patience, I have never quitted the walls of the Fleet without encountering my persecutor—for I cannot call him by a softer name—though he has not only offered to obtain my husband's enlargement, but to get him a place under government, provided I would consent to his vile proposals, and only let him apparently visit at our house as a friend. Finding it out of his power to destroy my virtuous principles, and that no persuasion could induce me to deviate from the path of rectitude, he was resolved to adopt a different method; and this morning made use of force; for I had not got twenty yards from the prison, when I was surrounded by four ill-looking men, one of whom accosted me with—"Ah, madam, have I found you at last?" and so saying, attempted to force me into a coach, which had evidently been engaged for the purpose of carrying me off. Providence, however, generously enabled me to resist the vicious design; and the penetrating shrieks I uttered having collected a mob around me, they sprang into the carriage which was in waiting, and were soon out of sight; when, overcome by the conflict of my feelings, I fell senseless upon the pavement, and am ignorant of what ensued afterwards, until recovering my senses, I found myself under your protection."

I eagerly enquired whether her husband had been made acquainted with the proposals she had received from this licentious man. "Not for the world, Sir," she replied, "would I have made him acquainted with them, for then, indeed, his cup of misery would have been filled; and I implore you not to inform him by what accident we met." As Mrs. Lushington made this request, we arrived at the gate of the prison, which was already open to admit some guest; and, in the spot allotted to the porter, I perceived her husband standing. A hectic glow of pleasure suffused his pallid countenance, as he perceived her enter within the gloomy walls: "My love," said he, in the softest accents, "I have been terrified with apprehension at your staying so long;" then perceiving she was followed by a person whom

he did not at first sight recognise, with an air of confusion and embarrassment, he raised his hat.

"I feared," replied the attached wife, "you would be alarmed at my unusual absence; but accident, my dear Henry, threw this gentleman in my way. You cannot have forgotten our fellow-traveller, that seemed so warmly interested in our fate, when that vile Mr. Wilkinson accompanied us up to London."

"I beg ten thousand pardons, Sir," said the unfortunate Lushington. "No, my dear, I trust I shall never forget unmerited kindness; and the sympathy that gentleman then displayed, I assure you, made an indelible impression upon my mind." I could not have conceived that anxiety, without indisposition, could have made such a striking alteration in the human form; for his clothes actually hung about him, and he appeared scarcely to have sufficient strength to ascend the flight of stairs. The room into which I was conducted, was the complete emblem of poverty; two chairs and a small deal table were all the furniture it contained, except a small bed, which was rolled up in one corner of it, and in part concealed by a patchwork curtain. Each inhabitant of this miserable dwelling apologised for its forlorn appearance; when, forcing a smile upon my countenance, I informed them, I flattered myself with the hope of seeing them in a much better soon.

Wishing to raise poor Lushington from the state of dejection into which he had fallen, without alarming the feelings of his wife, I pretended unusual hunger: and intreated her to procure some cold beef and ham from the larder; putting a note into her hand, and imploring her to pardon the liberty I was taking. The moment this unfortunate young woman quitted the apartment, I pointed out the folly poor Lushington was guilty of, in yielding to despair; and concluded, by assuring him I thought the improper mode of conduct Wilkinson had adopted at the auction, would be the means of insuring his release.

(To be continued.)

THE SISTERS OF ROSE DALE;

OR,

MODERN ADOPTION.

(Continued from page 121.)

CHAP. III.

MATILDA, surrounded by pleasures, new, and, to a volatile mind, peculiarly fascinating, suffered several months to elapse before she again wrote to her mother. Mrs. Dawson's answer to her last had been of too grave a cast to give her satisfaction, and she determined, rather than subject herself to wearisome admonitions, to pass over in silence circumstances which she judged likely to alarm the scrupulous apprehensions of her anxious mother and prudent sister. With the usual giddiness of youth, Matilda had, soon after her arrival in Portman Square, formed a particular intimacy with Morton, Lady Fitzgerald's waiting-maid. The girl was agreeable, smart, insinuating, and coquetish; a cast of character which exactly suited the taste of Matilda; and, notwithstanding the precautions of Lady Fitzgerald, they soon became confidential friends. It was from this loquacious companion that Matilda obtained some secret information respecting her benefactress; but, though the intelligence was in the main part true, exaggeration and misapprehension had so altered circumstances, that Lady Fitzgerald would scarcely have known it to be her own history, had she heard it repeated. In the first place, that her ladyship's husband was still living, could not be denied, but that her gaities had been the cause of their separation, was both an untruth and a calumny. That her ladyship had a child living, which she neither dared to acknowledge nor behold, was also an exaggeration of the truth; yet, that she had a secret beyond the power of curiosity to penetrate, was indisputable. These insinuations, though they did not lessen the gratitude or affection of Matilda, gradually diminished her respect, and weakened her confidence towards Lady Fitzgerald; and by estranging her from that amiable,

though unfortunate woman, laid the foundation of much subsequent misery to herself. Mrs. Morton had an admirer, who frequently visited her, and as she was not without a certain degree of pride, she did not care to acknowledge that he was only a gentleman's servant; but, availing herself of his fine figure and *imitative* gestures, found little difficulty in persuading Matilda that he was a young man of good family and connections, waiting only till he was of age, and in consequence his own master, to make her his wife. Matilda had been frequently prevailed on to join them in the housekeeper's room, while Lady Fitzgerald was writing, where they instructed her how to play whist and speculation; or amused her with innumerable anecdotes of persons in high life. One evening Mr. Faulkner said carelessly to Matilda, "Pray, Miss, do you recollect a gentleman who travelled with you when you came up?" Matilda coloured, "I certainly do recollect that a gentleman travelled with me as far as Taunton; but as I have not seen him since, I have a very confused idea of his person."—"It is your fault, Miss, that you have not seen him since: I can assure you he would be very happy to have an opportunity of paying his respects to you; he told me, this very day, that you had run in his head ever since."—"I do not wonder at that," said Matilda, laughing, "The blow I gave him must have made a very *lasting impression;* but I am surprised at your knowing him—though, indeed, I remember his saying that he visited here." Mr. Faulkner looked at Morton, who, after a moment's hesitation, said, "He did visit here formerly; but some family disagreements occasioned a material alteration in my lady's circle of acquaintance, in consequence of which Mr. Maitland has discontinued his visits." This plausible story was readily believed by Matilda: young minds are generally interested by an appearance of mystery; and a degree of importance was attached to this Maitland, proportionable to the vanity and credulity of Matilda, who was soon drawn into a sort of engagement to admit the private visits of her unknown admirer. Lady Fitzgerald, who only sought dissipation to banish corroding care, was pleased to see Matilda happy and amused when in her sight; and not imagining that she could be in any danger beneath her own roof, she paid no

attention to the manner in which she might be passing her time when absent from her. Maitland contrived at every interview to render himself more agreeable; and so far obtained her confidence, that she accompanied him clandestinely to public places, at times when Lady Fitzgerald imagined that indisposition prevented her from joining her parties.

One evening Maitland brought her a box ticket for the theatre, and solicited the pleasure of attending her, intimating that it had been presented to him by a particular friend, who would be happy to join them. Matilda, who seldom suffered the idea of impropriety to check her in the pursuit of pleasure, soon fabricated an excuse to Lady Fitzgerald for absenting herself; and at six o'clock Maitland called for her in a coach. Matilda enquired for his friend, and was informed that they were to take him up as they passed the door; and she was greatly surprised when the coach stopped at an elegant house in a principal street, and found herself ushered into a superb drawing-room, where every thing around her bespoke opulence and ease. "You see, Miss Dawson," said Maitland, with a consequential air, "I have not deceived you in regard to my connections —they are at least equal in rank to those of Lady Fitzgerald—you are now in the apartments of a nobleman, as distinguished for his courtesy and elegance of manners, as for his high birth and immense wealth." At that moment the door opened, and an elderly gentleman entered; his deportment was regulated by the grace of the old school, his countenance was extremely prepossessing; and, as Matilda had already been initiated into what might be called *good company*, she received his attentions without awkward bashfulness, or silly confusion. Pleading a violent head-ache, which depressed his spirits, and rendered him unpleasant company, he declared his intention of remaining at home; but added, that as he was assured they would find the afterpiece very tedious and insipid, he thought it would be compassionate of them to return and sit an hour with him, previously to their return. Matilda would have excused herself; but Maitland overruled her scruples, and finally promised for her. When the play was over, they walked from the theatre, and found the nobleman in far better spirits

than they had left him; a light repast had been prepared in their absence, of which he pressed them so warmly to partake, that a refusal was impossible. After each had taken a few glasses of wine, the bonds of reserve seemed to be severed—Matilda chatted and coquetted with her accustomed gaiety—and his lordship expressed his admiration in language rather more ardent than his age seemed to authorize. Maitland seemed at first a little disconcerted, but by degrees assumed an air of composure and satisfaction; which Matilda observed with surprise, and a sensation of piqued vanity. The hours seemed to fly in such agreeable society; and when at length the hour arrived at which Matilda knew that Lady Fitzgerald would return from the concert to which she was engaged, she rather reluctantly rose to depart. The servant, who had been dispatched for a coach, returned without one; and as it had turned out a wet evening, Maitland protested he would himself seek the town through, till he found one. The nobleman, with insinuating gallantry, applauded his resolution, and Maitland left the room; when his lordship, catching Matilda's hand, entreated to know what sort of engagement subsisted between her and Maitland. This was a question which Matilda was wholly unprepared to answer; she was ashamed to acknowledge that she had given her company so unreservedly to a man, to whom she was under no serious engagement; and the confusion of her looks was a sufficient answer for his lordship, who, with much adroitness, gave her to understand that he should be particularly happy if she would endeavour to transfer her regard to himself. Matilda, who was not yet so much a victim to the tender passion as to be deaf to the voice of ambition, thought she had made an important conquest; and was still more highly gratified by his lordship informing her, that he had before seen and admired her, when she did not know of his being present; which had indeed been the case, though in a manner little suspected by Matilda, who returned home to dream of a title and a coronet, which was far, far beyond her reach.

Not so delusive were the visions of the contented Fanny; happy in the affections of a virtuous young man, she looked forward only to that period, when the independence ac-

quired by honest industry, would enable her faithful William to make her his wife: his parents had positively refused their consent to the marriage, and nothing remained for them but patient endurance of unmerited severity. The declining health of Mrs. Dawson was alone sufficient to depress the spirits of an affectionate daughter—but the delightful assurance of her William's regard, served to fortify her heart against affliction, and was her only support under the dreadful shock which awaited her.

One morning a letter, bearing the London post-mark, arrived; it had been long anxiously expected at the cottage, and was received by Mrs. Dawson with delight and eagerness—but who can describe her consternation, when the contents were unfolded to her view—the paper dropped from her nerveless fingers, her eyes closed with anguish unutterable, and she sunk back on her pillow, as if life had forsaken her already exhausted frame. Fanny caught up the letter with trembling apprehension; it was from Lady Fitzgerald, and contained these words:—

"MADAM,

"It is not in my power to offer you consolation, who am so much in need of it myself. My adoption of your daughter has ended most disgracefully and unhappily for us both—all I can now inform you is, that she has quitted my protection, and is on her passage to New York, with one who will, I fear, make her too sensible of his baseness.

Portman Square, "LETITIA FITZGERALD."
Dec. 18.

"Dear mother, what can be done?" cried Fanny, clasping her fainting parent in her arms, "Pray exert yourself, or I shall lose you too.—Dear mother, you will kill yourself, if you do not struggle against this affliction."—"Matilda! Matilda!" exclaimed Mrs. Dawson, wildly, "did you not tell me she was lost?—Oh, wretched girl! I feel she has broken my heart.—Why did I ever permit her to leave me?" It was in vain that Fanny endeavoured to calm the agitation of her mother, with encouraging hopes that all might yet end well. William offered to go immediately to London, to make every necessary enquiry; and his offer was gladly accepted by Fanny, who felt every sentiment of

grateful tenderness for the promptness with which he was ever ready to serve or assist her.—Unhappily, however, his kindness was unavailing. Mrs. Dawson was seized with a fever and delirium, which in less than a week terminated her existence, and the afflicted Fanny was left forlorn and disconsolate, awaiting the return of William in a state of mind bordering on distraction.

(To be continued.)

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. IV.

MR. GODWIN.

THOUGH we cannot altogether recommend the writings of this gentleman to our fair readers, we must acknowledge that his works possess many excellencies, and, in point of language, greatly surpass the usual novel style. "Caleb Williams,"—"St. Leon," and "Fleetwood," are his most popular pieces; the last of which is undoubtedly the least unexceptionable: his plot, though in general too eccentric, is fabricated with peculiar ingenuity, and the sentiments and reflections which are occasionally interspersed, are both beautiful and judicious. Fleetwood is represented as the victim of sensibility; his very virtues tend to render him unhappy, because not regulated by the necessary restraints of prudence. The plan, though not strictly moral, is a correct delineation of human nature; and proves, that a too susceptible mind causes its own misery, by attaching importance to trifles—neglecting the present, in pursuit of future happiness—and encouraging too extravagant ideas of felicity, unattainable in real life.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

This celebrated lady, whose rank and respectable station in life have conspired to give a degree of *eclât* to her writings, which their intrinsic worth would independently entitle them to, has for many years amused the public with

her charming productions. Her "Tales of the Castle," and other works, chiefly on the subject of education, have passed through several editions, and are too popular to need further comment.—"The Knights of the Swan, or Court of Charlemagne," is an historical romance; in which the intrigues of a court, and the extravagancies of a lively imagination, are blended with taste and skill.—"The Rival Mothers, or Calumny," is an interesting novel; as is also her "Duchess of La Valliere"—"La Bruyere the Less," is a moral work of great merit. Most of this lady's novels have obtained a high degree of celebrity, and are justly entitled to our commendation.

MRS. GOOCH

Has written some very pleasing novels, the principal of which are, "Villa Nuova," and "Truth and Fiction." The latter contains some picturesque descriptions of Exeter and its environs.

MRS. HELME.

Among the numerous novel writers of the present day, few have contributed so great a portion of their time to the public amusement as this lady; her genius is as chaste as prolific, and we are happy in the power of doing justice to her merit, unbiassed by partiality. Her first acknowledged piece was a pretty pathetic tale, entitled "Louisa, or The Cottage on the Moor;" from the success of which she was encouraged to make several equally fortunate attempts, and her style has gradually improved, to a degree of excellence almost unrivalled. No idle flippancy disgraces her pages, but simple nature, pure and unsophisticated, dictates every sentence.—"The Farmer of Inglewood Forest," is a novel of the first class—"Duncan and Peggy"—"St. Margaret's Cave"—"St. Clair of the Isles"—"Albert, or The Wilds of Strathnavern"—and "The Pilgrim of the Cross," are works which we can recommend without one disapproving sentence.

MISS HAMILTON.

This lady possesses talents of a superior kind, and it is a loss to the public that she so seldom contributes her ingenious productions to the general stock. Her "Letters of a Hindoo Rajah" contain a lively satire on fashionable manners, and is equalled only by Goldsmith's Citizen of the World; which seems to have been her model. She has since written an excellent novel, called "Modern Philosophers," which is equally entitled to commendation; and her last work, "Letters to a Nobleman's Daughter on the Subject of Education," is a specimen of taste and understanding, admirable in itself, and highly creditable to her sex.

MRS. HUNTER.

The novels written by this lady are not destitute of merit, but they are in general too voluminous and prolix for works of amusement; her labours of invention produce generation after generation; and though in every instance her language is correct, and morality unimpeachable, we cannot admire a style of writing which wears out the attention, and seems to convert into a study what is merely taken up as a temporary relaxation from more serious pursuits. The memory is fatigued by superabundance of character and incident—and ennui is too frequently succeeded by distaste.

MR. HOLCROFT.

The success of this gentleman's dramatic pieces have stamped his credit as a writer, and raised his name high in the literary world. He has amused the public with elegant translations of "The Tales of the Castle," and "Caroline of Litchfield," a novel generally read and admired. His original works of imagination are, "Anna St. Ives," an extravagant and rather exceptionable novel.—"Hugh Trevors," a domestic tale, of considerable merit—and "Memoirs of Bryan Perdue," containing a satirical view of modern manners, moral and political, which few would admire, and fewer still understand; independent of the

digressions, the story is pleasing, and written with that spirit of ingenuity which characterizes all the works of this writer.

MRS. INCHBALD.

The talents of this charming writer have long been justly estimated by the public; her two popular novels, "A Simple Story," and "Nature and Art," cannot be perused without delight and satisfaction. She now dedicates all her talents to the stage, and we sincerely hope that her sanguine expectations will meet with the desired success; and the evening of her life be unclouded by such difficulties as obscured her earlier prospects. She has lately been occupied in arranging a new edition of all the popular dramas, and we have reason to believe that the undertaking has proved extremely advantageous.

THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

AN ANECDOTE.

THERE resided in Bourdeaux a young, rich, and handsome widow, who had for six months incessantly lamented the loss of a husband tenderly beloved. A fatal storm had wrecked the vessel in which he embarked, and every soul on board was supposed to have perished. The young widow, though surrounded by admirers, observed scrupulously the rules of decorum; at length, however, the persuasions of her friends had effect, and she once more threw open her doors to receive company. Madame St. Amere had one foible, she loved play to excess—and this foible alone threatened to involve her in much subsequent calamity. On the evening of her first fête, a tall graceful figure, masked, followed her, and payed her innumerable silent attentions; to rid herself of his importunities, she sat down to the card table, and was successful for about an hour. The mask, who had fixed himself behind her chair, then solicited the honour of playing with her, which she granted; and renewed the game with fresh spirit, though not with equal good fortune. Madame was piqued at the

superior skill of the impertinent mask, and staked to an immense amount; still the stranger was triumphant, and pulling from his pocket a large purse of gold, tauntingly dared her to risk the like amount. Although absolute ruin might have been the consequence of her imprudence, madame would not recede, but anxiety and vexation marked her features; for some time the game was doubtful, at length the malignant deity decided against her, and the rash widow found her fortune destroyed by one night's folly. Her anguish could not be concealed; she rose abruptly from the card table; when the mask, in an insinuating tone of voice, hinted to her that she need not put herself to any inconvenience to make up this debt of *honour*, as he could wait her leisure, or compromise it *some other way*, with more pleasure to himself, and less embarrassment to her. She darted on him a look of rage and contempt—"Who art thou, wretch," she exclaimed, "who darest thus to insult me in my own house?"—"Softly, madame," replied the mask, "I am no gambler, nor needy adventurer—there are ladies who would not be ungrateful for such an accommodation."—Madame burst into tears—"Good heaven, must I endure this insolence!—quit my house, Sir; and, if you are a gentleman, make good your claim to-morrow."—"No, madame, I will not quit this house to-night—my claim is on your fortune, or on yourself—and I will make it good, let who will dispute it:" with these words he removed his mask, when madame uttered a shriek of joyful surprise, and fainted in his arms. The company crowded round; they were chiefly relations, who immediately recognized the Chevalier St. Amere. The raptures of madame may be easily imagined, when, on recovering, her husband informed her that he had been saved from the wreck by a brave sailor, who had taken him into his own ship, which was bound to Peru—that he remained there till a convenient opportunity offered for his return—and having been fortunate enough to amass a considerable portion of wealth, had meditated this agreeable surprise, in the hope of curing her of a destructive habit, the consequences of which he had long dreaded. Madame embraced him with transport, and assured him she would never again yield to temptations, or continue a practice of which she now saw the madness in glaring colours.

Having received the congratulations of their friends, the amusements of the evening, which had been so strangely interrupted, were again renewed; and the adventure was for many months the talk throughout Bourdeaux.

E. F.

To the Editor of the Monthly Museum.

GENTLE EDITOR,

PERMIT an unhappy being, through your entertaining Miscellany, to lay his case before the cause of his unhappiness. She—(for you must not wonder to hear that the cause is a woman)—she regularly reads your publication at those times when no trifling levities of unthinking companions threaten to annoy the calm moments of reflection and study; in plainer terms, being much occupied in various concerns during the day, she takes *intellectual medicine*, as many are recommended to swallow physic for the body, namely, "every night going to bed." She is a worthy young woman, of good family and connections, and possessed of a good fortune in her own right; but a too great propensity for ridicule stands in the way of our mutual happiness. She has already lost a most excellent offer from one of the best young men in the city of London, whom, though handsome, polite, and sincere in his professions of regard, she could not endure, because she did not like his trade: *that*, in time, perhaps, he might have quitted; but I am in a more hopeless predicament, for she positively declares, that her insuperable (though only) objection to me, is *the meanness of my name*. Is it possible, you will say, that this woman can be worth pursuing? Suffer me to reply, "that is not any concern of yours." We have all our failings, and I have certainly mine among the rest.

You must know then, that I never was in her company but once, and was peculiarly struck by her person, and taken with her manners, while she was suffered to speak for herself; but, unluckily, an ill-chosen companion, whom her mother suffers to mislead her, has obtained such an ascendancy over her easy temper, that, from a naturally benevolent and charitable disposition, she has imbibed a love of

ridicule and satire, that much detracts from her otherwise amiable character. This companion is what is termed a young lady of fashion, and being foolishly suffered to infuse her silly notions of good-breeding and gentility (which, by the bye, seem to be what *formerly* was understood by the terms *ill-breeding* and *vulgarity,*) into a pliant heart, has rendered it unsusceptible of my affection, and unapproachable to my advances; and for this only reason, that she has taken the most unconquerable aversion to my *name.* I am naturally a timid man, and having received a very favourable impression on my first interview, applied (rather imprudently, perhaps,) to a friend to speak in my behalf, and to pave the way a little for me, previous to a second introduction: but, alas! my name was no sooner mentioned, than, at the suggestion of the *young lady of fashion,* (in which my fair misguided votaress immediately acquiesced) it became the cause of so much laughter and contemptuous comment, that my advocate retired in confusion, and gave up the case as hopeless.

Now, my dear Editor, I possess a good estate, a tolerable person, a sound constitution, and, I trust, a good heart; but, alas! poor me! my name is Matthew Meagre; and my young mistress's companion, forsooth, as I hear, "could not bear to be called Mistress Meagre!—no!—she would faint at the name of Mistress Meagre!" And must I for this relinquish all hopes of a wife?—no—I will rather endeavour to extricate the woman I love, from the pangs of a devouring harpy, that preys upon, and corrupts a too easy disposition; and having succeeded in that, will once more offer her my *hand,* my *heart,* and my *name.* Well aware that gentle remedies are most efficacious in many disorders, I am inclined to hope it may prove so in this; I have, therefore, taken considerable pains to inform myself of the various characters and propensities of many owners of remarkable names, which I shall here set down, trusting to the pardon of the proprietors for borrowing them on the present occasion, and hope they will not accuse me of "filching from them their good names," as I promise to return them unimpaired. In the first place, Mr. *Lemon* and Mrs. *Gall,* whose husbands are in partnership, have often declared them to be men of the *sweetest* dispositions,

seldom displaying any *sourness* of temper, and never indulging in any *bitter* expression: now Mrs. *Toogood*, (though she does not complain) as positively affirms that it is not the case either with her husband or children. Mr. *Tabor* and Mr. *Piper*, both worthy men, residing opposite to each other, in an alley leading from Gracechurch Street to Leadenhall Market, though they live in *harmony* together as neighbours, are neither of them adepts in *music*, nor are they particularly fond of *dancing*. My schoolfellow, Tom *Clement*, was always a *cruel* and *mischievous* fellow; while my respectable and reverend friend, Mr. *Butcher*, is a pattern of *mildness*, *pity*, and *benevolence*. Mr. *Clack*, a most excellent tradesman in the Poultry, is remarkable for *taciturnity*: and Mr. *Idle*, the wine merchant, had never attained his present fortune, had he suffered his actions to be biassed by his name. I have never heard Mr. *Flint* censured for his *hard* dealing; but, from his immense trade, have every reason to suppose the public experience the contrary, and however polite I must acknowledge the linen-drapers of Cheapside to be, I cannot say, (though the name of one at the top would imply as much,) that I find one *kinder* than another. My friend, Dick *Rider*, never wore a *boot*: Tom *Hunter* never crossed a *horse*, while Ned *Walker* is almost perpetually *riding*: and it was but last week that my young friend, Sam *Coward*, beat Harry *Strong*; and that Tom *Hardy* caught a dreadful cold by leaving off one of his under waistcoats. Mr. *Onslow* I know to be a very quick walker, and to have won a pedestrian wager of Mr. *Swift*; and I can produce three men, Messrs. *Short*, *Little*, and *Small*, with whom no comparison can be drawn by Messrs. *Longman*, *Large*, and *Bullock*. Who can prefer the robust appearance and rough manners of Mr. *Dance* and Mr. *Lightfoot*, to the elegance, grace, and agility of Mr. *Carter*, or the light activity of Mr. *Stump*, the miniature painture; or who will dare to say that Mr. *Gosling* or Mr. *Woodhead*, are not clever in the extreme; while it is impossible to be always so lavish in praise of the acuteness or accuracy of Mr. *Sharp* or Mr. *Wright*: nay, I have myself been obliged to dismiss, for inability in her profession, my seampstress, Mrs. *Sewell*. Mr.

White is of a remarkably *swarthy* complexion, while every body must confess Mr. *Brown* to be uncommonly *fair*. Who does not know and esteem the worthy Mr. *Younghusband*, a *bachelor* of *seventy-nine*; and who will deny that Mr. *Low* is at least a head taller than Mr. *Longshanks*. Of all the mild men of my acquaintance, the most so, are Mr. *Wolf*, Mr. *Lyon*, and Mr. *Fox*: I regret I cannot say so much of my late neighbour Mr. *Lamb*. Mr. *Penny* and Mr. *Farthing* have each realized a good income, while fortune has not so lavishly showered her favours upon the head of Mr. *Gold*; and, to conclude, I never yet have heard that any thought it necessary to *guard their legs* on the approach of Mr. *Crookshanks*; or refused permission to sit down on a chintz covered sofa, or drawing-room chair, to the polite and accomplished Mr. *Ramsbottom*. These instances are, I hope, sufficient to shew how unreasonable it is to refuse a good man on account of his name; and though I doubt they may produce amusement to the *fashionable* companion of my fair one, yet, I trust, they will carry conviction to *her own* mind, and that she will therefore no longer refuse

Her faithful admirer,

And your very humble servant,

MATTHEW MEAGRE.

P. S. One argument I had forgotten, which, I think, will add considerable strength to my statement. It is this:—if many people were so biassed by name, what dreadful monopolies it would occasion; for who would have any *butcher* but Mr. Slaughter; any *poulterer* but Mr. Giblet; any *wine-merchant* but Mr. Mountain; any *attorney* but Mr. Make-peace; any *engraver* but Mr. Strong i' th' arm? or what poor soul would venture to offer a pledge to any pawnbroker but A Purse*.

* London Wall.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE BOOBY,

A Water Fowl, found on the Coast of New South Wales.

BY CAPTAIN DAMPIER.

THE Booby is a water fowl, somewhat less than a hen, of a light greyish colour. It has feet, flat, like those of a duck; and a strong bill, larger and bigger than a crow's, and broader at the end. It is a very simple creature, and will hardly go out of a man's way. They do not live promiscuously one among another, but each sorts within their own precincts, where they are so settled, and so tame, that a man cannot pass through their quarters without coming within reach of their bills; with which they continually pecked at us. I took notice that they sat in pairs, and, therefore, at first, thought them to be cock and hen; but on striking at them, one flew away from each place, and that which was left behind seemed as malicious as the other that was gone. I admired the boldness of those who did not fly away, and used some violence to force them, but in vain; for, indeed, these were young ones, who had not yet learned the use of their wings, though they were as big and as well feathered as their dams; only their feathers were something whiter and fresher. I took notice that an old one, either the cock or hen, always sat with the young, to protect them: for otherwise their neighbours, the men-of-war-birds, who are very numerous on this coast, would attack them, and the strong prey on the weak. These birds also left guardians with their young when they went off to sea, least they should be starved by their neighbours; for there were a great many old and lame man-of-war-birds, that could not fly to sea to seek their own food. These did not inhabit amongst their consorts, but were either expelled the community, or else chose to lie at some distance from the rest; and that not altogether, but scattering here and there, where they could rob securest. I saw near twenty of them thus secluded, which would sometimes sally into the neighbouring camp to seek for booty; but soon retreated again, whether they got any thing or nothing. If one of

these same birds found a young booby not guarded, it presently gave him a good blow on the back with its bill, to make him disgorge; which the boobies will do with one stroke, and, it may be, cast up a fish as big as a man's wrist. This the other swallows in a trice; and marches off to look for another prize. The sound men-of-war will sometimes serve the old boobies so, off at sea. I have seen a man-of-war fly directly at a booby, and give it one blow, which has caused it to cast up a large fish, and the man-of-war flying directly down after it, has taken it up in the air, before it has reached the water! The origin and significancy of the names given by our seamen to these birds, appears sufficiently plain from this account of them; and conveys no unapt allusion to the contrast presented in human life, between the ingenious and the stupid—the bold and the timorous—the simple and the designing.

ACCOUNT OF THE SPOTTED HYENA.

THE spotted Hyena is very common at the Cape of Good Hope, where the inhabitants call it the tiger-wolf. Dr. Sparrman describes it as a formidable, mischievous, and cruel animal. The Hottentots were formerly much molested by them, as they were often so bold as to attack their huts, and carry off their children; but the introduction of fire-arms has put an end to such depredations. It is certain, however, that numbers of these animals attend almost every dark night about the shambles at the Cape, to carry off the offals and bones left there by the inhabitants, who take care never to disturb their scavengers. The dogs too, who at other times are in perpetual enmity with them, never then molest them; and it is remarked, that they are seldom known to do any mischief on these occasions. The howlings of the hyena are dreadful and alarming, beyond description; and an ingenious writer* observes, that "perhaps nature has kindly impressed this involuntary disposition to yelling upon this animal, that every living creature might be on its guard, and secure it from the attacks of so

* Bewick's Quadrupeds.

cruel an enemy." Whatever the physical reason may be, it appears that a disposition to yelling, or howling, in the night, is absolutely implanted in this animal by nature, as a young one, which Dr. Sparrman saw at the Cape, though it had been brought up tame by a Chinese resident there, and was then chained, was said to be silent in the day time, but very often in the night was heard to emit the yelling cry peculiar to its species. In compensation for this faculty, by which the animal is, as it were, obliged to give warning of its own approach, it is, on the other hand, actually possessed of a power to imitate, in some degree, the cries of other animals; by which means it often succeeds in deceiving and attracting lambs, calves, foals, &c.

The peasants in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope say, that this animal is possessed of great sagacity; and that a party of them, half flying and half defending themselves, will decoy a whole pack of dogs to follow them to the distance of a gun-shot or two from the farm, with a design to give the rest of their companions an opportunity to come out from their retreat, and carry off sufficient booty both for themselves and their flying brethren, before the dogs can return to prevent them. The voracious gluttony of this animal, is a striking instance of the provident care of the great Creator, who has furnished it with a disposition to consume every animal substance it meets with.—Were it not for the ravenous and insatiable appetite of the tiger-wolf, the flowery fields of the Cape would soon become loathsome, and disfigured with the carcases of all kinds of game, which graze and die there successively: they serve likewise to keep up the necessary equilibrium in the increase of the animal kingdom, so that it may not exceed the supplies afforded it by the vegetable part of the creation. Dr. Sparrman relates a story of this animal, the truth of which he does not vouch; it is, however, diverting enough, therefore no apology is requisite for introducing it. One night, at a feast, near the Cape, a trumpeter, who had got himself well filled with liquor, was carried out of doors, in order to cool and sober him. The scent of him soon attracted a tiger-wolf, which threw him on his back, and dragged him along with him like a corpse, and, consequently, a fair prize, up towards Table Mountain. Mean-

time, however, our drunken musician awaked, sufficiently sensible to know the danger of his situation, and to sound the alarm with his trumpet, which he carried fastened to his side. The wild beast, as may easily be imagined, was not less frightened in his turn. Any person but a trumpeter, in such a situation, would doubtless have furnished the tiger-wolf with a supper.

ON PRIDE.

"WHEN I visited your father at Pennsylvania, he received me in his library, and, on my taking leave, shewed me a shorter way out, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam overhead; we were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly towards him, when he said hastily, "Stoop, stoop." I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed any occasion of giving instruction: and upon this he said to me, "You are young, and have the world before you; *stoop*, as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps." This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people, by *carrying their heads too high*."

DR. B. FRANKLIN.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1. Dress of white satin, with robe of India silk, falling loosely from the shoulder; full sleeves. Turban of white satin, with ostrich feathers.

Fig. 2. Dress of fine muslin, made high over the bosom; the back full, with bows of ribband from the waist to the bottom of the train. Turban of crimson buff; white shoes and gloves.

Fig. 3. Dress of plain muslin; pelisse of silk, made without plaits; a small bonnet, to correspond with the pelisse. Dark shoes and gloves.

LONDON DRESSES for APRIL.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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SEP

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE ORPHAN MENDICANT.

FAST pour'd the rain, the bleak wind blew,
In cutting blasts across the moor ;
The child of want no solace knew,
But wandered, hungry, cold, and poor.

From town to town, with sinking heart,
A weary pilgrimage he trac'd;
No gen'rous hand would aid impart,
Though vice had ne'er his youth disgrac'd.

Exhausted, shivering, down he lies,
His last scant morsel Tray had shar'd:
Sad tears of anguish fill his eyes,
Bereft of hope, for death prepar'd.

The faithful partner of his woe,
Content, though famish'd, by his side,
Lick'd his cold hand, then, whining low,
Gave one last grateful look, and died.

But heaven the orphan's prayer had heard,
And, ere despair the victim seiz'd,
Celestial charity appear'd,
And hunger's pressing call appeas'd.

Soon was the tempest's gloom dispell'd,
Once more the sun resplendant shone,
Angels, with strains of triumph swell'd,
And heaven again received its own.

E. F.

LUSITANIA.

PALE and dejected, rapt in pensive mood,
By Lisbca's stream a hoary vet'ran stood;
His care-bleach'd brows defied the pelting storm,
And the bleak winds assail'd his aged form;
Oft from his eyes he wip'd the trembling tear,
And oftener yet, with fury grasp'd his spear:
Till on the listless air he pour'd his soul,
And bade his sorrows join the wint'ry howl.

"Alas! my country doom'd at length to fall,
The helpless victim of ambitious Gaul;
Where now thy spirit, where our martial fame,
Ennobling erst the Lusitanian name;
When, as of old, a band in small array,
Burst thro' the trammels of a conqueror's sway,
Bade the proud Eagles of the Romans yield,
And forc'd their cohorts trembling from the field?
When Viriatus* liv'd—his country's pride,
For freedom liv'd—for sacred freedom died?
Mourn, Lusitania, mourn thine hapless fate,
Thy warrior's exil'd by a tyrant's hate."

"When from his sun-scorch'd regions burst the Moor,
Panting for conquest to Ibreria's shore,
When the moon'd banners waving in the breeze,
Proclaim'd the robbers from the neighb'ring seas;
Say, was 't for this our sires, to valour true,
From † Europe's clime expell'd the barbarous crew?
Or say, for this were Gama's sails unfurl'd,
To catch the breezes of an unknown world;
For this, thro' trackless oceans plough'd his way,
And hail'd the regions of the rising day? ‡
Mourn, Lusitania, mourn thine hapless fate,
Thy warrior's exil'd by a tyrant's hate.

"Ye times of old, with deeds of valour crown'd,
Shades of departed heroes, long renown'd;
'Twas thy remembrance every breast inspir'd,
And all the patriot's soul for freedom fir'd,

---

* The founder of the Portuguese independence, and the deliverer of his country from the oppression of the Roman yoke.

† It is well known that the Portuguese have the merit of repelling the Moors, and rescuing Europe from their depredations.

‡ The discoverer of Portuguese Asia.

When, as disdaining still the conqueror's chain,
Our warrior's hastened to the distant main.
But left, ah! left their dear and much lov'd home,
Far from their native skies compell'd to roam;
The sacred manes of their fathers left,
Of every tender tie and hope bereft.
Mourn, Lusitania, mourn thine hapless fate,
Thy warrior's exil'd by a tyrant's hate."

Thus far the sire, and silent rais'd his eyes,
Imploring mercy of the bounteous skies;
Then sudden, as the waves beneath him roar,
In wild despair he darted from the shore,
In stern compliance, Tagus' streams divide,
And o'er his body bursts the foaming tide.

O——m. R. S.

ADDRESS TO A HUSBAND.

BY MISS PORTER.

OH! grant my prayer, and let me go,
Thy toil to share, thy path to smooth;
Is there a want, a wish, a woe,
Which wedded love can fail to sooth?

At morn, when sleep still seals thine eyes,
My hand thy temp'rate meal shall spread;
At night my smiles shall check thy sighs,
And my fond arm support thy head.

And if thy vexing cares should dart
Some hasty word, my zeal to chill,
Still this unchanging, tender heart,
The sacred vow I made shall fill.

THE HUSBAND's ANSWER.

YES, my best love, too fondly thou
Wouldst share each toil I'm doom'd to bear,
And, faithful to thy nuptial vow,
With tenderest zeal sooth every care.

This town thoud'st quit without a sigh,
With me, undaunted, peril dare;
And uncomplaining, hardships try,
To prove as faithful as thou'rt fair.

No homely garb thy charms can hide,
Or, rather say, by virtne drest,
More lovely thou—a husband's pride!
Whose every joy with thee must rest.

Though doom'd by adverse fate to part,
For him thou'lt breathe the fervent pray'r;
Still bear his image in thy heart,
And prove as faithful as thou'rt fair.

E. F.

THE BEE.

HAST thou, with contemplative eye,
Fair reader! ever stopp'd to see
The little Bee;
Which oft thou may'st espie,
Culling, from flowers of varied hues,
Their balmy sweets, to load its slender thigh;
And hyblean dews?

Or hast thou seen the busy throng,
Building within their chrystal home,
The golden comb:
And heard the merry song,
Which every little care beguiles?—
Content seems resident the group among,
With sweetest smiles.

Fair reader! whosoe'er art thou—
Oh! imitate the vernal Bee,
In harmless glee;
Let honey ever flow,
From every trifle in thy way;
And temper's hyblean sweets adorn thy brow,
Serene and gay.

Bid melancholy far begone,
And discontent, with sullen eye,
Neglected lie;
Vain is the fretful moan—
Oh! ever in thy gentle breast,
Let graceful mirth erect her harmless throne,
Delightful guest!

Haverhill, Feb. 5. JOS. FITCH.

TO AMELIA.

SAY, why, my fair Amelia, hangs that veil,
So rudely flowing round thy snowy neck;
Is it thy glowing bosom to conceal,
Or does it boast thy beauties to bedeck.

O! no, sweet girl, so fair a form as yours,
Where beauty blooms beyond conception's sight,
Where charms reside which each fond mind allures,
Where virtues shine which do my soul delight;

Can never need a veil of useless art,
To soften sweetness, pure as is thy face;
Nor can its boasted elegance impart,
One jot of bliss in thee such joy to trace.

Indeed, methinks, if that was thrown aside,
I might recline upon thy lovely breast;
And thus I'd sit, my fair one, by thy side,
And thus I'd sing my soul and yours to rest:

Adieu, ye gentle powers, all adieu;
Adieu, ye winding ways and shady groves,
For now so blest, I feel no wish for you,
Nor envy him who silent sighing roves.

Adieu, ye frisky, faithless, sons of mirth,
And all ye sons of arrogant conceit;
Adieu, ye sons of more exalted birth,
And all ye fair extravagantly sweet.

Adieu, ye mossy banks and seats of grass,
Where oft I've linger'd, and as often stray'd;
Where no intrusive wanderer might pass,
To hear me murmur, when I thus have said—

"O! that Amelia could my sorrows know,
And feel one half I feel, when here I lie;
O! that in pity she would end my woe,
And make me happy once before I die.

"Come then, Amelia, some kind pity spare,
And listen to my tale of purest love;
That I your present, future, bliss may share,
And find on earth the joys that reign above."

C. T.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

NOT all the wealth that India boasts,
Nor dust that shines on Guinea's coasts,
Shall tempt me to resign
The pleasing hope I entertain,
Though now my sighs and tears are vain,
That I shall call thee mine.

What though thy breast no flame has felt!
Thou yet shalt love, these eyes shall melt,
And silent give consent:
Soon shalt thou weep, that thou hast strove
Thus to neglect my ardent love,
But ah! too late repent.

For when thou weep'st I will not hear,
Nor will I mind the chrystal tear,
That trickles from thine eye;
Then will I treat thy prayers with scorn,
With anger will thy love return,
And with another fly.

With her I'll spend a happy life,
Remov'd from noise, and care, and strife,
And ev'ry heavy woe;
And thou shalt envy her blest lot,
Happy beneath that humble cot,
Where constant pleasures grow.

G.

CHARADES.

1.

AN excuse is my *first*, used by lawyer's sometimes;
And my *second's* what Braham oft does in sweet rhymes;
My *whole* is what beauty can ne'er fail to be;
Find it out, ladies fair, and with me you'll agree.

2.

My *first* by my *second* is us'd ev'ry day,
And us'd pretty roughly, I own;
But this is laconic, I know you will say,
My *whole* is a village near town.

J. M. L.

3.

A strange compound of vice and folly mix'd,
Bound by no ties, and to no object fix'd;
Reas'ning to err, and to himself a foe,
Man still confounds each blessing for his woe.
Thus on my first what numerous ills attend,
And but the prelude to a nobler end:
Yet, with fond art, how anxious we essay,
Still to prolong its sweet, tho' transient stay!
Its emblem just, my second will appear,
Sometimes in calm, and sometimes tempest, steers.
My generous whole, inspir'd in pity's cause,
Braves the full storm, and spurns at nature's laws,
Deep in th' abyss, or on high billows borne,
Snatches from death the helpless and forlorn.

REBUS.

ALIKE in palace, and in cottage mean,
Fram'd by man's wond'rous art, my whole is seen;
Remove one letter, and, in nuptial strife,
I stand the wish of many a luckless wife:
Take this again, but other two remove,
The seaman's friend, and sometimes foe, I prove.

SOLUTIONS

OF THE TWO FIRST CHARADES IN OUR LAST.

1. Fire-screen.—2. Bride-well.

SOLUTION

OF THE THIRD CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

A *gun*, when loaded, is, we know,
With mischief deeply fraught;
It frightens oft our fiercest foe,
Or brings some vaunted chieftain low,
As swift as winged thought.

No beaux dare handle warlike arms;
Of belles 'tis not expected,
But when the hoary lock alarms,
With *powder* they bedeck their charms,
Lest they should die neglected.

Not *gunpowder* it is they use;
But powder white and scented,
This is what aged damsels chuse
To charm the men they oft abuse,
And make their hearts contented.

J. M. L.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Latitat's case is certainly very lamentable, but unless he *pleads* in better *terms*, we fear that he will be *nonsuited*.

The favours of J. M. L. are in general very acceptable; but we do not think the subject of his last communication worthy of his talents—his Charades will appear.

We have so many Acrostics in hand, that we must beg our Correspondents not to overpower us with more.—Part of J. C.'s communication is intended for insertion.—G. has been unavoidably deferred.

The elegant Apostrophe to the river Wandle in our next—we should have preferred Verse.

We are under the disagreeable necessity of rejecting the favours of our Marazion correspondent—they are not sufficiently correct for our purpose.

A few good Enigmas would be acceptable.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
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SEP

Queen
of
Sweden